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TINKLE BELL TALES



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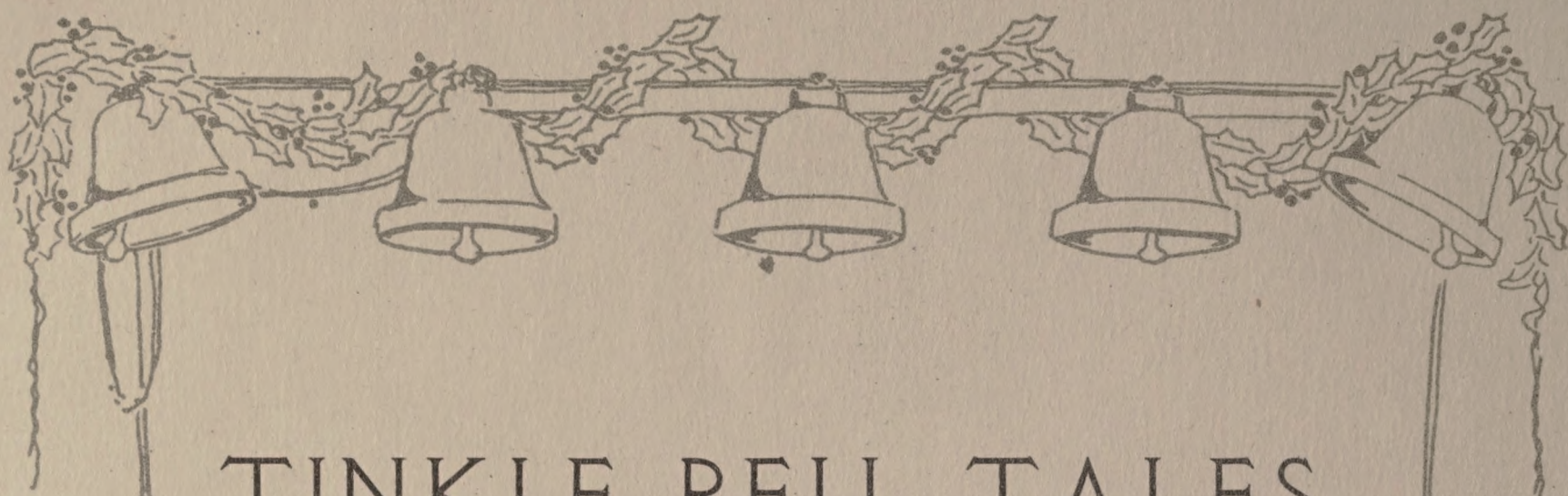
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TINKLE BELL TALES

BY

MAURINE HATHAWAY



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THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY



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no 1



Lovingly Dedicated

TO

All the dear little children in
the world and especially to

Robert Hathaway Heinen



A Little
Tramp Kitty





"MEOW! Meow!"—a little cat
Stood shivering outside
The kitchen door—"Meow! Meow!
Please let me in," it cried.
It was a most dejected cat,
And certainly looked sick;
You couldn't tell its color,
For its fur with mud was thick.

But kindly little Bertha came
And peeped outside the door;
She'd never known a cat to come
And beg a home before.
"Come in, poor Kitty Cat," she said,
"You're cold and chilled plumb through!
Wait till I go and find some food,
And make a bed for you."

She took it in beside the fire,
And made it nice and warm;
The little thing was shivering
From wind and rain and storm.
Then Bertha brought some milk to drink,
And wholesome food to eat,
And Kitty soon began to purr,
Its joy was so complete.



And pretty soon it went to sleep,
All curled up in the mat,
And when it wakened up, well, well,
You should have seen that cat.
It was so full of life, it played
With Bertha's shining hair,
For cats are always playful
If they're given proper care.

And then the kitty drank its fill
From out the pan of milk,
And Bertha washed and combed its fur
Until it shone like silk.
And she was very much surprised
To find, when she was through,
It was a little Maltese cat
With fur of glossy blue.

She named the kitty "Pussy Blue,"
And kept her in the house,
And since Puss came, they've never seen
Or even *heard* a mouse.
It pays to help unfortunates,
And give them food and care;
*You can't judge cats or people
By the garments that they wear.*





The Squirrels' Quarrel

FLUFF and Fleet were two red squirrels
Who lived in Squirrel Town,
And always played together,
'Mong the autumn leaves of brown.



But one bright day they had a quarrel,
As good friends sometimes do,
A very, very foolish quarrel,
And over nothing too.



They'd found a lovely, golden nut,
And each had claimed the prize,
And then they fought about it,
Which I think was most unwise.

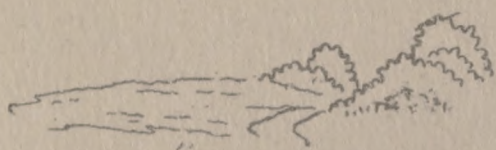


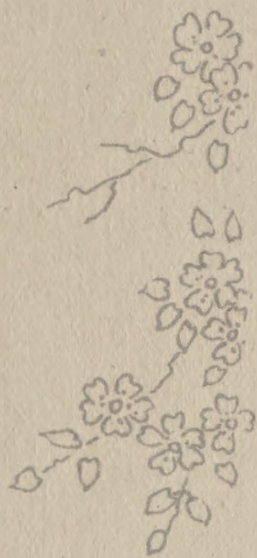
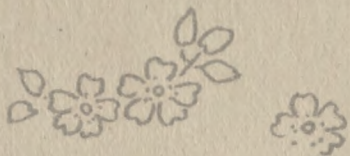
For while those two were quarreling,
A squirrel known as "Blink"
Came up and ate the precious nut,
As quick as you can wink.

And when the good friends stopped to think
And finally decide
How much more sensible 'twould be
The big nut to divide,

Of course 'twas gone, and then they felt
As foolish as could be,
And that's the way a quarrel
Almost always ends, you see.

How nice it would have been for each
To take a portion small,
While, as it was, poor Fluff and Fleet
Had no nice treat at all.





The Patient Old Hen

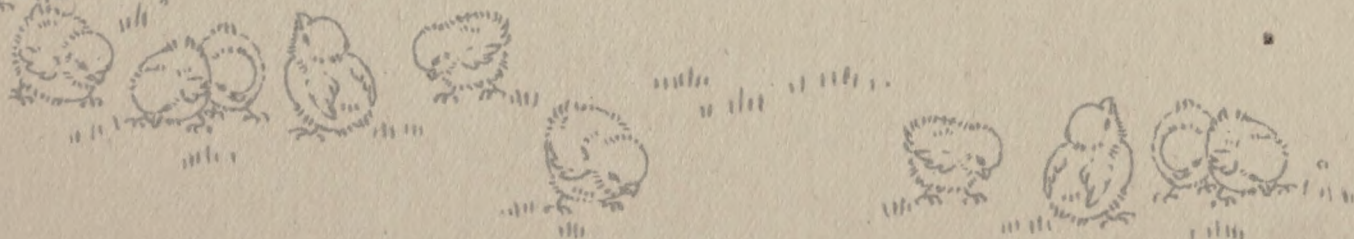
UPON her eggs an old hen sat,
As patient old hens will,
And Polly Brown grew worried,
'Cause she sat so long and still.

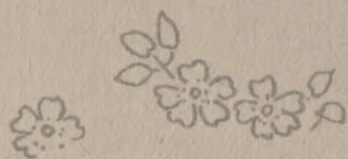


"Why don't you get off of your nest?"
Cried Polly. "You'll be sick
If you don't get some exercise,
You foolish, foolish chick."

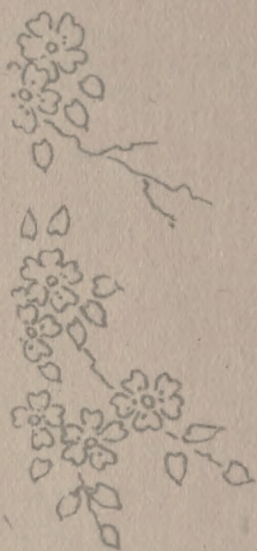


"Now," said the hen, "don't bother me,
I know what I'm about;
I'll get my exercise, don't fear,
As soon as I get out."





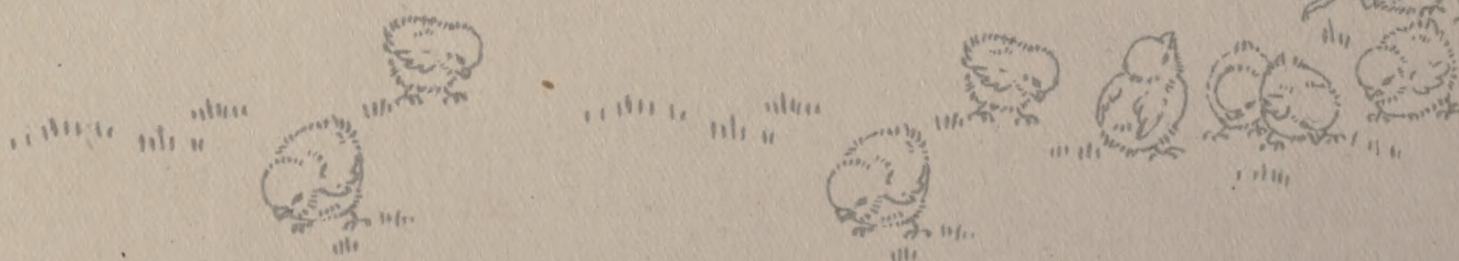
"I've been two weeks now at my task,
And when one more goes by,
You come and call again, and see
What sight will greet your eye."



The week went by and Polly came
To see the wise old hen,
And there, like little balls of fluff,
Were yellow chickens ten.



And Mother Hen was clucking,
Just as proud as proud could be,
"That's what I get for setting there
So *patiently*, you see."

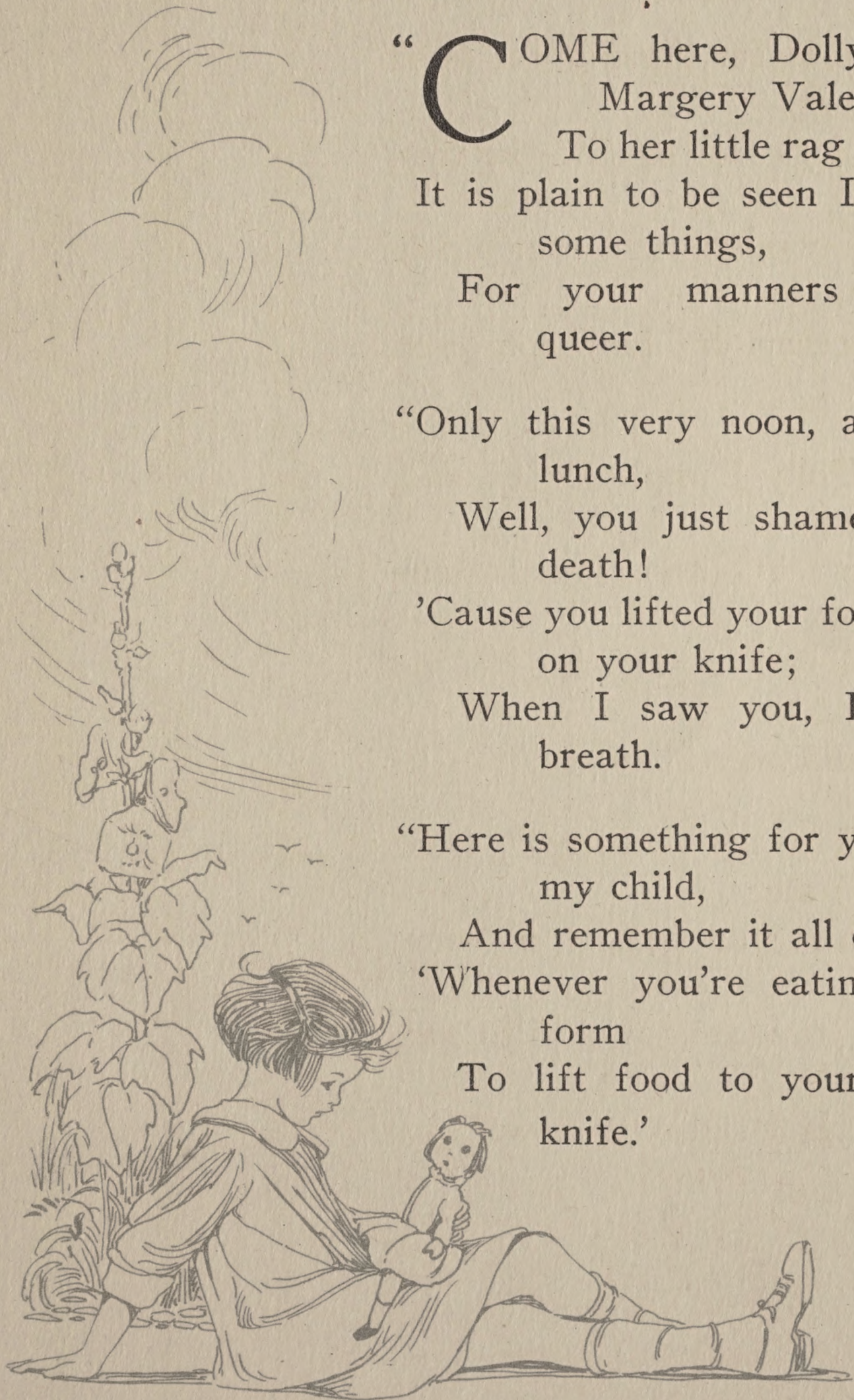


Dolly Dimple's Lesson

"COME here, Dolly Dimple," said
Margery Vale
To her little rag dolly. "My dear,
It is plain to be seen I must teach you
some things,
For your manners are frightfully
queer.

"Only this very noon, as we sat eating
lunch,
Well, you just shamed me almost to
death!
'Cause you lifted your food to your mouth
on your knife;
When I saw you, I 'most lost my
breath.

"Here is something for you to think over,
my child,
And remember it all of your life,
'Whenever you're eating, it's very bad
form
To lift food to your lips with your
knife.'



"Now, your knife is for *cutting* the food
that you eat,
While your fork is to lift it, you
know,
So don't make that mistake in your whole
life again,
When to dinner or luncheon you
go."

Then the poor Dolly Dimple looked sad,
and replied,
With a tear in her faded blue
eye:
"I have heard all you've said and I'll do
as you ask,
Or at least I shall certainly try."

"All right, Dolly, my darling," said
Margery Vale;
"If you do just the best you know
how,
That is all one can ask of a litte rag
doll,
So your scolding is all over now."

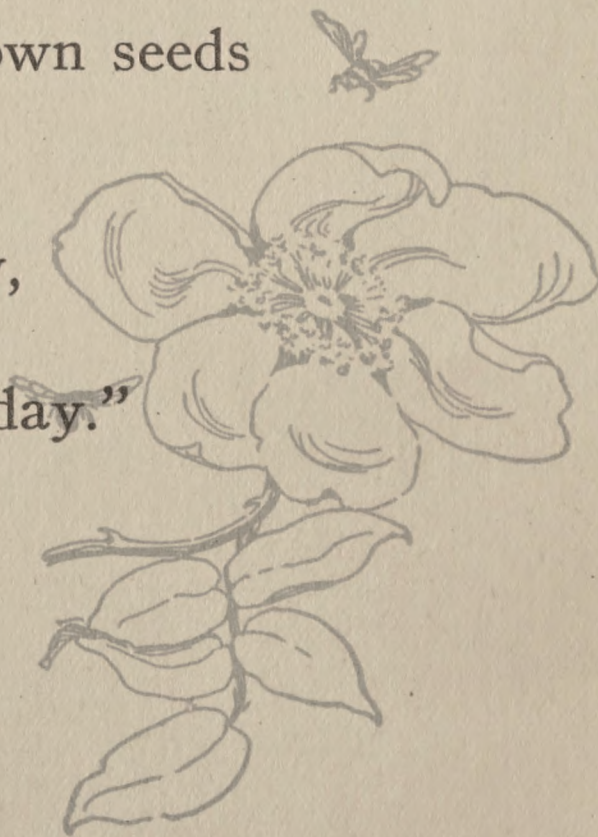


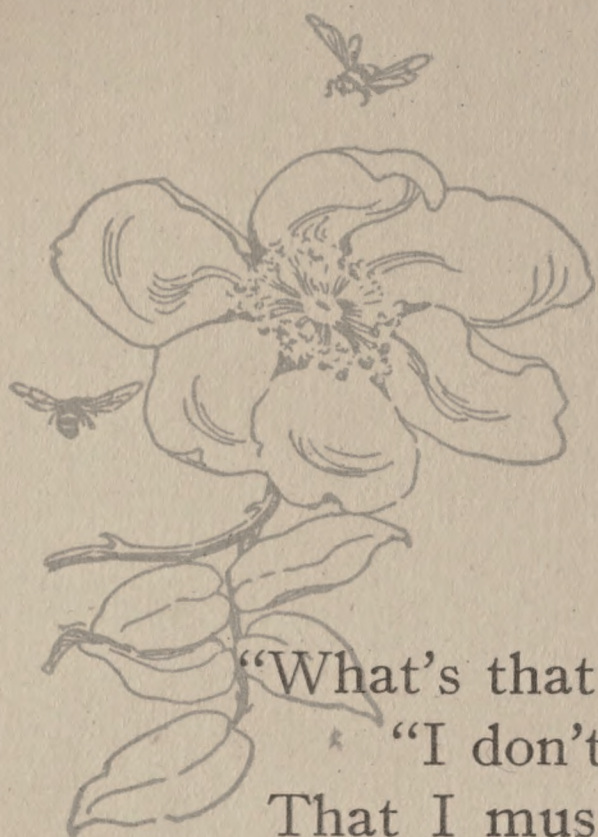


The Wild Rose and the Bee

GO 'WAY from here!" said Pink Wildrose
To Jennie Honeybee,
"You buzz around some other place,
And stay away from me!
You come and take my honey
To your stuffy hive to eat,
And I am sure without it
I am not one-half as sweet."

"All right," said Jennie Honeybee,
"But you just wait till fall,
And then you'll find your old brown seeds
Will be no good at all.
They need the golden pollen
That I bring you on my way,
To pay for the honey
That I take from you each day."





“What’s that you say?” cried Pink Wildrose;
“I don’t believe it’s so,
That I must have that yellow stuff
To make my nice seeds grow.
And just to prove that you are wrong,
I’ll ask that sleepy owl
Who’s list’ning up in yonder tree—
He’s such a wise old fowl.”

“Hoo! Hoo!” the sleepy owl exclaimed,
“Hoo! Hoo! it seems to me
You are a very foolish flower
To quarrel with a bee.
Of course a seed needs pollen!
And a bee needs honey, too!”
And then he flopped his funny wings,
And to the woods he flew.

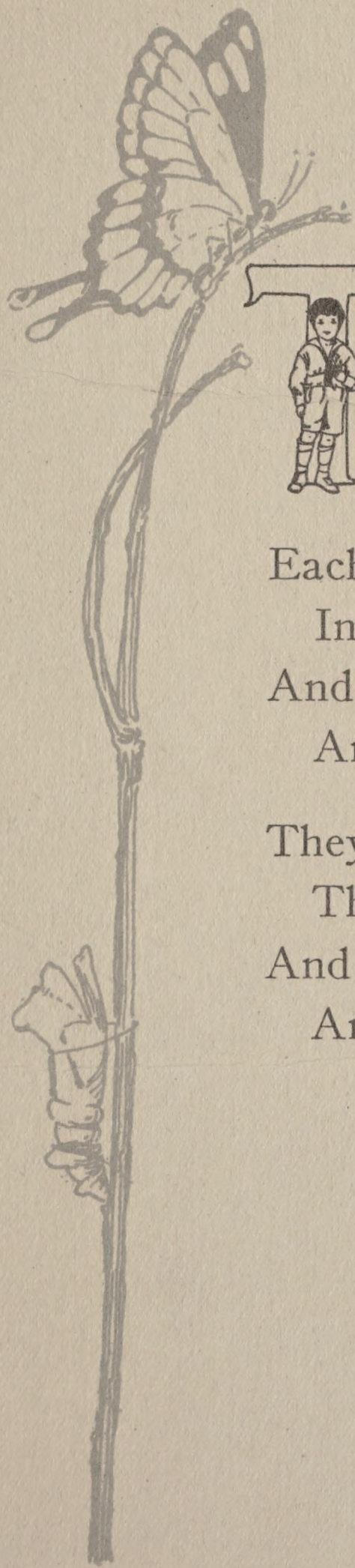






The Sunbeam's
Party






THE sunbeams gave a little dance
Down on the green one day,
All dressed for the occasion
In their party dresses gay.

Each one had floated downward
In a little aeroplane,
And each one wore a yellow coat,
And held a golden cane.

They had an orchestra of frogs
That hopped up from the bog,
And two canary birds that sat
And sang upon a log.






And when refreshment time came 'round,
They drank the sparkling dew,
Fresh from the flowers' brimming cups
(And they were thirsty too).

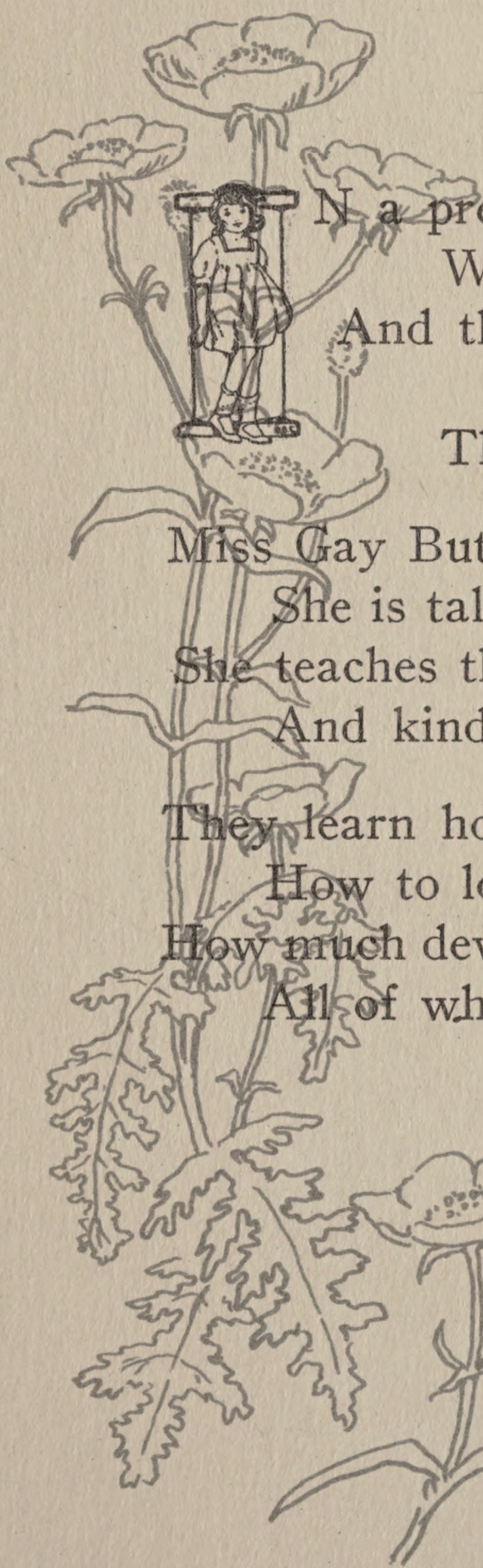
They danced and frolicked there until
They all grew tired at last,
And one of them exclaimed: "Oh, dear!
This day has flown so fast!

"We'd better hurry home before
The stars peep out o'erhead."
And then they canked their aeroplanes,
And flew up home to bed.





The School of the Buttercup



In a pretty green dell by a bubbling brook,
Where the shadows are quiet and cool,
And the cat-tails and meadow-grass wave in the
breeze,
The Buttercup children keep school.

Miss Gay Buttercup is their teacher, because
She is taller than all of the others;
She teaches them how to be gracious and sweet,
And kind to their sisters and brothers.

They learn how to bend when the summer wind blows;
How to look up and bow to the sun;
How much dew they should drink, and to bathe in the rain,
All of which they consider great fun.

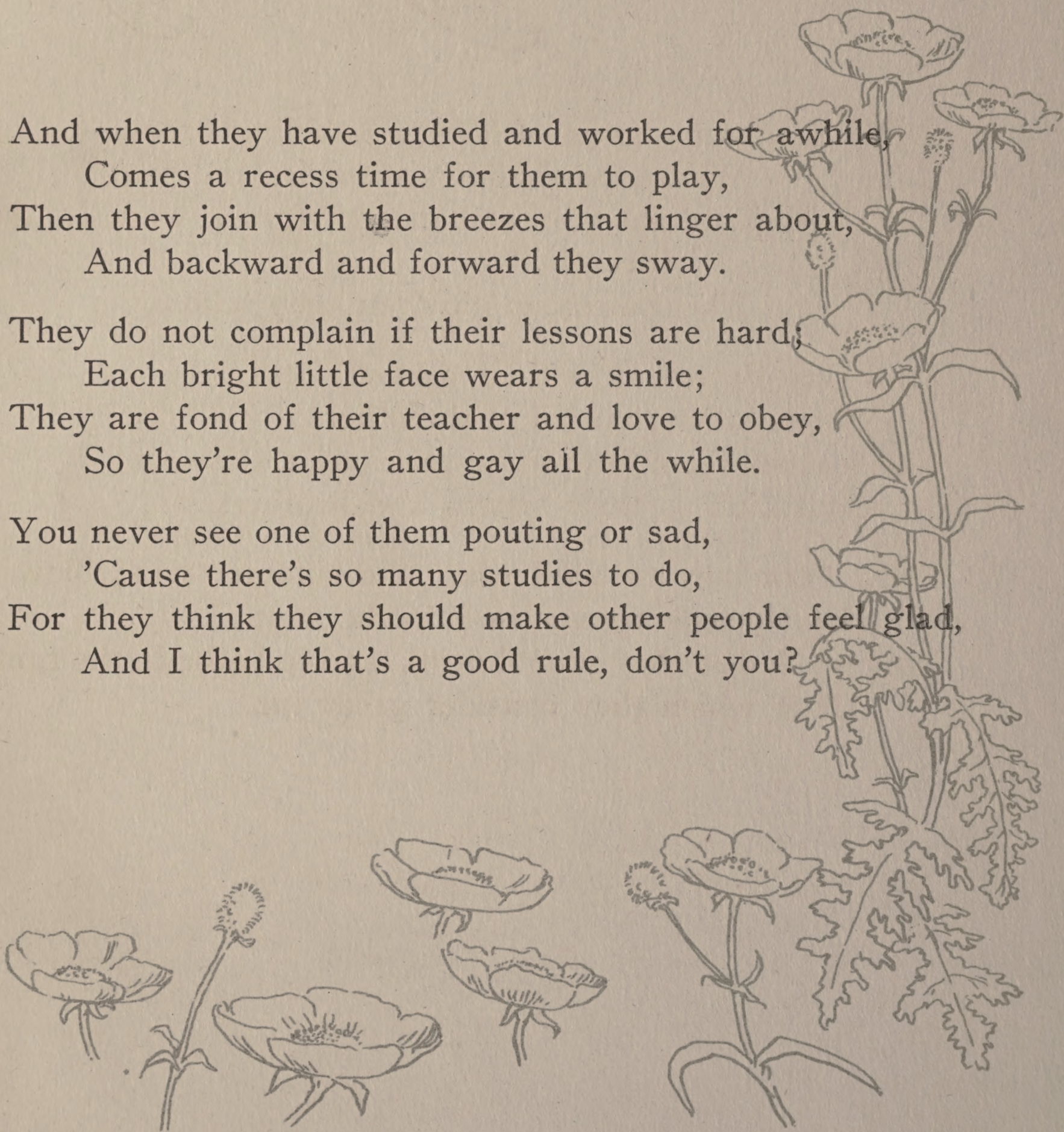




And when they have studied and worked for awhile,
Comes a recess time for them to play,
Then they join with the breezes that linger about,
And backward and forward they sway.

They do not complain if their lessons are hard;
Each bright little face wears a smile;
They are fond of their teacher and love to obey,
So they're happy and gay all the while.

You never see one of them pouting or sad,
'Cause there's so many studies to do,
For they think they should make other people feel glad,
And I think that's a good rule, don't you?



Queer old Mrs. Piggy-Wiggy

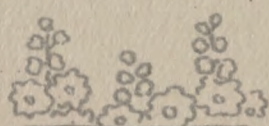


QUEER old Mrs. Piggy-Wiggy
Had a family of three;
Little roly-poly piggies,
Just as cunning as could be.

She had named one Piggie "Squealer,"
And another Piggie "Grunt,"
And the baby's name was "Buntie,"
But for short they called him "Bunt."

And, of course, this Mother Piggie
Wished her children to be good,
So she taught them pleasing manners
Just the very best she could.

"Now," said she, "to be nice piggies,
There is just one proper way:
That's to keep real clean and tidy,
And to take a bath each day.



“And brush your hair, and file your nails,
And keep them trim and neat,
And take *especial* pains, my dears,
To act well when you eat.”

But, would you believe me, children?
When the farmer brought their food,
Old Mrs. Pig woud rush right up
As quickly as she could,

And grab and gulp and gobble,
In a manner rude and rough,
And one would think to watch her,
She would never get enough.

Then she would wallow in the mud
Until she was a sight,
And the little piggies, thinking
What their mother did was *right*,

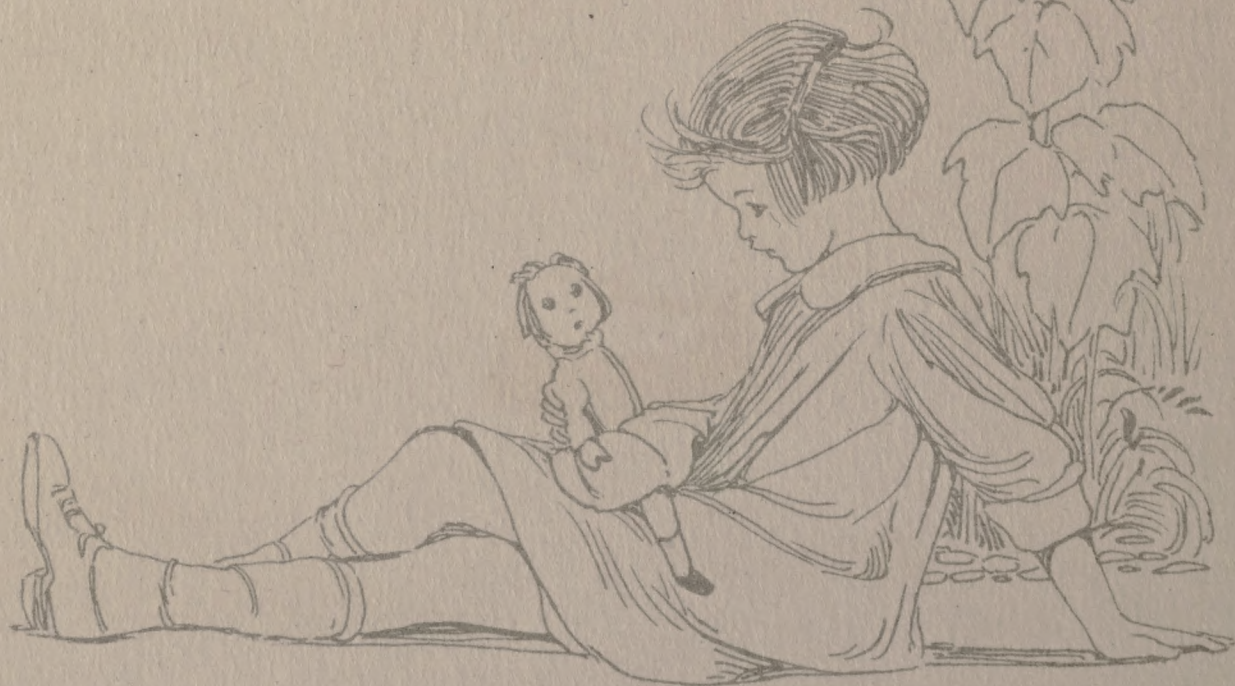
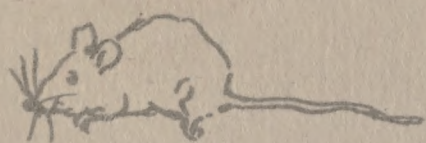
Would act exactly like her,
So, of course, they grew to be
Untidy and unmannerly,
Poor little piggies three.

This proves that if we'd like for folks
To do the things we *teach*,
We must live up to those rules ourselves,
And practice what we preach.





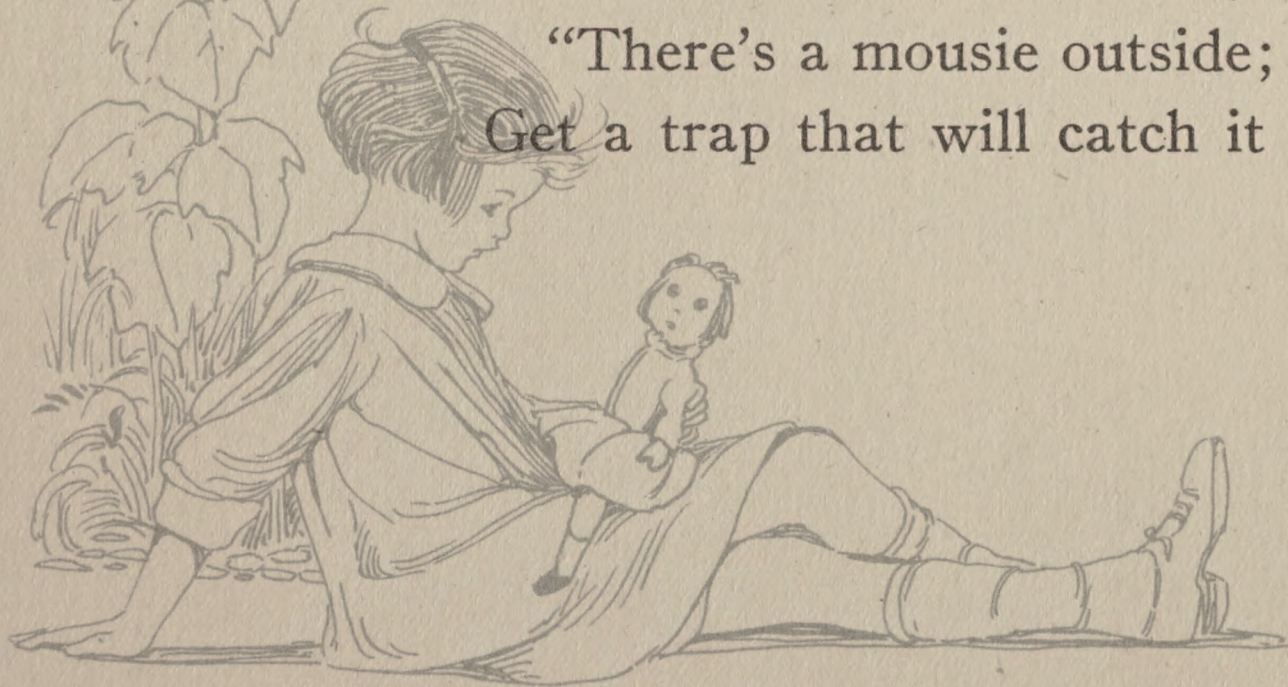
Molly and the Mouse



Molly and the Mouse

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Mollie
Was holding her dollie
In the shade at the side of the house,
When what should she spy,
In the path running by,
But a poor little mite of a mouse.

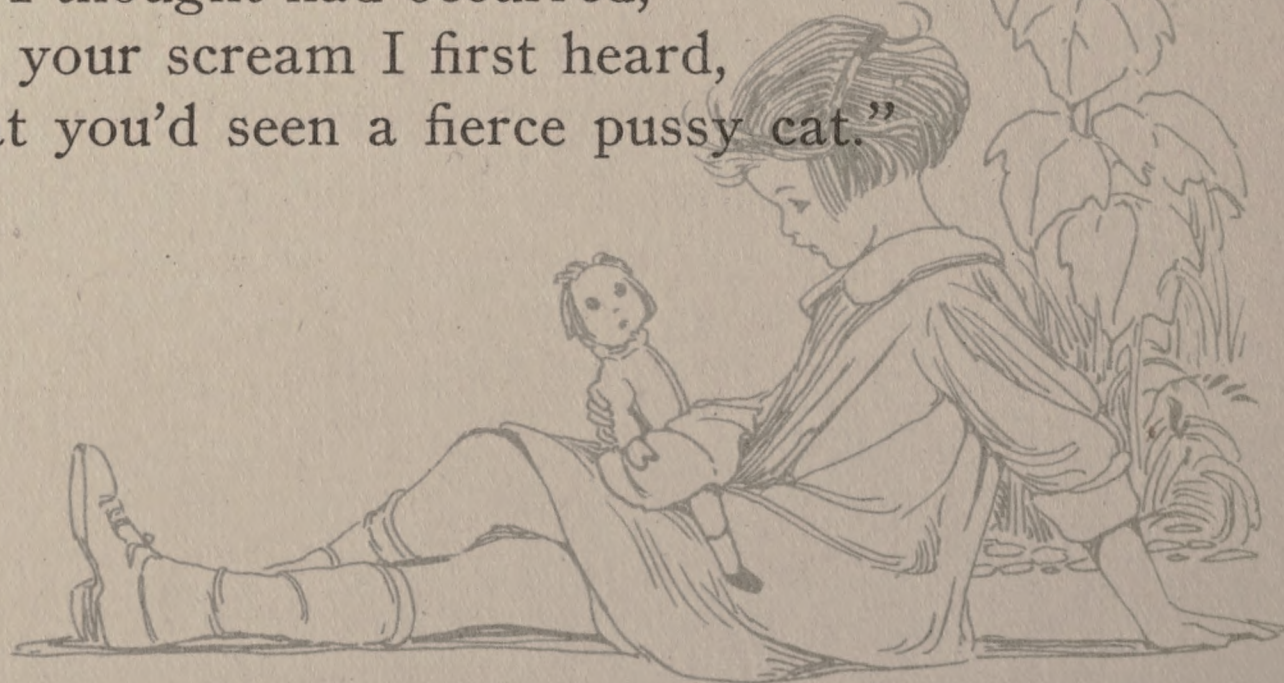
With a wild, frantic shout,
Mollie quickly leaped out
Of the pathway and ran in a fright
To her mother and cried,
“There’s a mousie outside;
Get a trap that will catch it to-night.”



Mother said, as she smiled,
"Why, you dear little child,
Mousie never would hurt you a bit,
And I'm sure, if you knew,
'Twas more frightened at you
Than you could have been frightened at it."

And her words were quite true,
For that mouse fairly flew
To its mother who lived in the wall,
And she squeaked "Mother dear,"
As she trembled with fear,
"There's a girl out there frightfully tall."

"Ha, ha," laughed Mother Mouse,
As she tidied her house,
"Did you run away home just for *that*?
What I thought had occurred,
When your scream I first heard,
Was that you'd seen a fierce pussy cat."



The Weary Little Clock

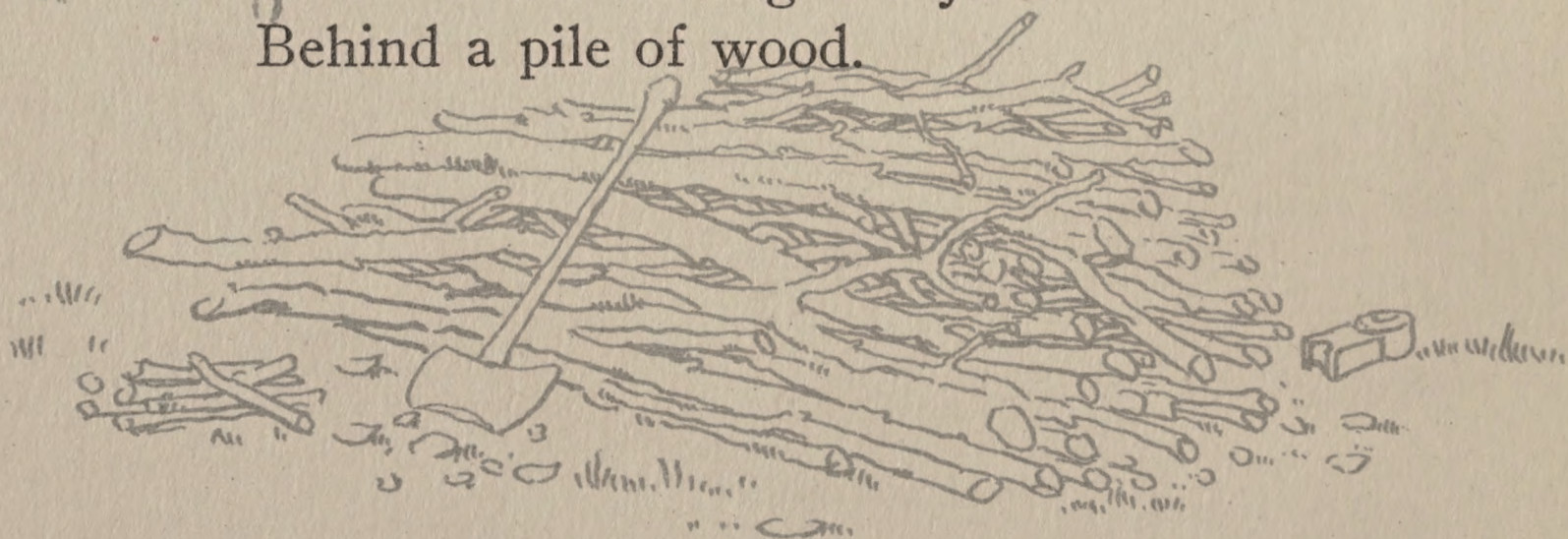


LITTLE clock grew weary,
As it sat upon the shelf;
'Twas tired of ticking all the time,
And murmured to itself,
"There isn't anybody else

That works so hard; I'm blest
If I don't think it's time that I
Should take a little rest."



And so it stopped, and Mrs. Brown
Took all its works apart,
And oiled them with a feather,
But she couldn't make it start.
So when she found her little clock
Had really stopped for good,
She threw it out among the junk
Behind a pile of wood.

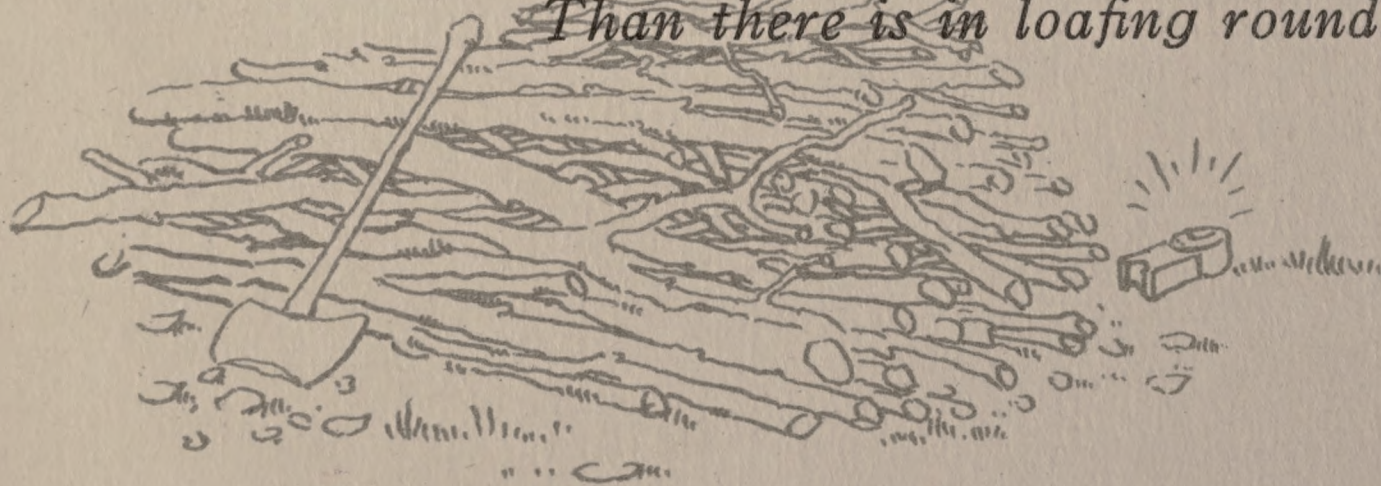




And there it lay and pondered,
Doing nothing all the time
But thinking, thinking, thinking hard
Among the dust and grime.
Until it saw the folly
Of the thing that it had done,
And then it felt so sorry
That it started in to run.

When Mrs. Brown came out next day
To get a load of wood,
She heard the ticking of the clock
And gladly cried, "Oh, good!
My little clock is running now."
And with a beaming face
She took it back into the house
And put it in its place.

And now the clock is happy,
For this secret it has found:
*There's lots more fun in working
Than there is in loafing round.*



How Mrs. Bunny fooled the Fox.



"Y dear," saith Father Bunny,
As he left for work one day,
"Be sure and watch the children
Every moment I'm away."

I have a premonition
Which has left no room for doubt,
We'll very soon discover
There's a sly old fox about."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Bunny,
As she tied her apron-strings,
"I'll keep my eyes upon them,
Darling, precious little things."

I've felt a bit afraid myself,
And so I've made a rule
To take them through the woods each day,
Both to and from the school."



The Bunny children started,
Each with lunch-pail on his arm,
And Mother Bunny went along,
To keep them safe from harm.

But being very, very wise,
As mothers always are,
She brought along with her a jug
Of black and sticky tar.

And soon the Mother Bunny,
With her keen eyes, chanced to spy
A sly old fox, well hidden
In a berry-bush near by.

She quickly poured the sticky tar
All out upon the ground,
Then said, "Good-by, my children dear,"
And quickly turned around,

And vanished in the bushes,
And the cunning fox, so sly,
Thought she'd left her little bunnies,
And a gleam came in his eye.



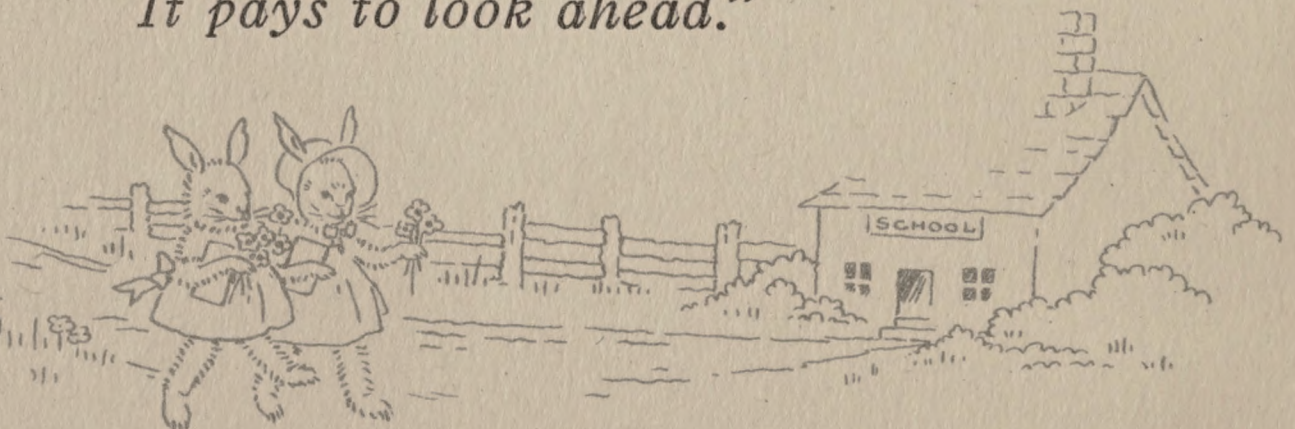
"Ha, ha!" said he, "now is my chance
For rabbit stew at last,"
But when he leaped to catch them,
Lo, the black tar held him fast.

And there he stuck, and though he tried
To draw his poor feet out,
He could not move an inch,
And Mother Bunny with a shout

Came running back and cried, "Ho, ho!
You thought you were so sly,
But when it comes to *strategy*,
You're not as smart as I."

The Bunny family had a laugh
At tea that selfsame night,
When telling Father Bunny
Of the sly old fox's plight.

"I'm glad I thought to take that tar,"
Wise Mother Bunny said;
"*When one is dealing with a fox,*
It pays to look ahead."



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